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# Handy Solomon.



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GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours.....	21
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DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

# **HANDY SOLOMON**

**A Farce in One Act**

**BY**  
**RALPH W. TAG**

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**NEW YORK**  
**DICK & FITZGERALD**  
**18 ANN STREET**

# HANDY SOLOMON.

## CHARACTERS.

MRS. JOHN WINTHROP

MR. JOHN WINTHROP.....*Her husband*

MISS HELEN CARRUTHERS.....*Mrs. Winthrop's college chum*

SOLOMON SOFRANSKY.....*An old clothes dealer*

TIME.—The present. LOCALITY.—New York City.

TIME OF PLAYING.—Twenty minutes.

## COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

MRS. WINTHROP wears a pretty house dress.

HELEN CARRUTHERS wears a traveling suit.

SOFRANSKY wears a loose fitting coat, battered silk hat, red necktie, loud patterned shirt, baggy trousers, suspenders with a large buckle, and spats of a loud pattern. He carries a small satchel on first entrance.

MR. WINTHROP wears an ordinary business suit.

## INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.

Pearl necklace in a box, handkerchief, business card, small satchel, ball of twine and stage money for SOLOMON SOFRANSKY. Purse in table drawer containing stage money for MRS. WINTHROP. Stage money for MR. WINTHROP and HELEN CARRUTHERS. Bell off stage.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center of stage; C. D., door center of rear flat; R. D., door right; UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

JAN 22 1914

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# HANDY SOLOMON.

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SCENE.—*A prettily arranged room in the WINTHROP home. Afternoon. Doors at R. and C. Small table DOWN L. with writing material on it. Other furniture arranged to suit.*  
DISCOVERED MRS. WINTHROP *writing at table.*

MRS. WINTHROP. There, everyone has answered and that much is done, thank goodness. I'm glad no one refused. Tomorrow is my birthday and the first anniversary of our wedding. We are going to have a big party—my first party. I've finished nearly all my preparations and the inactivity is getting on my nerves. I do wish Helen would come. I wonder what on earth can be keeping her. (*Bell rings off stage*) Well, there she is now, I'll bet.

ENTER HELEN CARRUTHERS, C. D.

HELEN. Well, here I am at last—all ready to help out with that wonderful party.

MRS. W. Oh, I'm so glad you are here. (*They kiss*) I'm beginning to get nervous, I can't help feeling that something will go wrong at the last moment.

HELEN. Nonsense, dear. Now tell me, what remains to be done?

MRS. W. That's just it. There is practically nothing left undone and I'm getting nervous doing nothing. I sent for a piano-tuner; they said they would try to get a man here this afternoon, but he hasn't put in an appearance as yet. I wish he would come. When he gets through I shall be all done with my preparations.

HELEN. Well, don't worry, the afternoon is still young.

MRS. W. Oh, what do you think, John has engaged some real Hawaiian singers to entertain us.

HELEN. Oh, isn't that fine. But I too have some good news.

MRS. W. Oh, what is it?

HELEN. Mother gave me the address of a real chef and I've written him to come here this afternoon or to-morrow morning. Mother says he is an excellent cook and you can depend on it that mother knows a good cook when she sees one. Mother says his services can be obtained at a very reasonable figure.

MRS. W. A real French chef?

HELEN. I don't know whether he is French or not, but I'm sure he is a fine cook or mother wouldn't say he was. Do you want him?

MRS. W. Why, of course, I shall be delighted. But—all the things are already ordered. What can we do?

HELEN. Oh, that will be all right. In fact, that makes it all the easier for him. Don't you see, he can take the things you have ordered and make them up in some wonderful way like only those foreign chefs can.

MRS. W. That will be fine. Oh, isn't everything coming out splendidly. But there now, I've kept you here talking with all your things on. How inconsiderate of me. Come, let me show you your room.

HELEN. Oh, that's all right, I don't mind.

[EXIT MRS. W. and HELEN C. D.]

SOFRANSKY (*off stage, talking in expostulating Hebrew tones*). Isch sclaben gevelt du lowlifer Irisher, du feirhelmer ge moich Yitsock moich, etc. (*Appears at C. D. and stands there a few moments before entering, talking back off stage over right shoulder*) You mind your own business, you lowlifer what you are. Don't make it a interference with a business man. (ENTERS C. D., *goes down stage*) Vot you tink for dot. Dot dirty Irisher cook says I shouldn't come by here. Oi, yoi, me, the best old clothes man in the city. Top-notch prices—five dollars for suit or overcoat, two dollars for pants or coat, fifty cents for vest and ten cents for pajamas. Can you beat them? Und that Irisher says I should go away. Oi, yoi, such a ignorance. (*Takes handkerchief from pocket, wipes face, and in doing so lets a card fall*) Oi, vat you tink—(*Takes small black box from pocket*) I vas comink down by Perry street just now ven I sees dis box on de street. I pick it up and look vat is it. (*Holds up necklace*) A regular five and ten cent store vun. Now ven Rachel have a birthday I don't need I should buy her notink. By golly, dat's a savink. (*Sound of approaching footsteps heard off stage*) Ha, ha, someone is comink. Right away I make it a fine bargain.

(*Strikes an attitude.* ENTER MRS. WINTHROP C. D.) Good afternoon, lady. (*Tips hat*)

MRS. W. Oh, how do you do. You are the piano-tuner?

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). Ha, ha, she tinks I am it de piano-tuner. (*Aloud*) Say, lady—

MRS. W. Now I want you to do your very best with our piano, and if you do, I'll see that there is something in it for you.

SOFRANSKY. Oh, for vy you didn't say so right away. Sure I'm it de piano-tuner. Terms in advance.

MRS. W. In advance? Why, I never had to pay in advance before.

SOFRANSKY. I couldn't help that, lady. Dat's a new rule.

MRS. W. Oh well, I suppose it doesn't make much difference one way or the other. (*Goes to table and takes money from purse*) Here is five dollars, and you may keep the change. But be sure you earn the extra money.

SOFRANSKY. Sure, you should worry. (*Takes money*) All right, I call around some time ven de piano is in. (*Starts for C. D.*)

MRS. W. Here, stop. The piano is here now.

SOFRANSKY. You don't mean it. Vell, all right, vere is it?

MRS. W. Right in the next room. Now be sure you put it in good shape, because we are going to have some good singers here.

SOFRANSKY. I put a shape on it so its own mother won't know it. (*Starts toward R. D. Turns*) You're goink to have it good singkers?

MRS. W. Yes.

SOFRANSKY. Yiddisher singkers?

MRS. W. (*laughs*). Why, no.

SOFRANSKY. Vell, vere do dey come from—a barber shop?

MRS. W. No. Hawaii.

SOFRANSKY (*tips hat*). I'm pretty good, tanks, how is yourself. (*He understands her to ask "How are you?"*)

MRS. W. What can he mean? (*Aside*) I don't like his familiarity.

SOFRANSKY. Vere did you say dese singkers come from?

MRS. W. (*irritably*). Hawaii.

SOFRANSKY (*tips hat*). I'm all right, tanks, how's yourself? (*Aside*) By golly, dot's a perlite lady. I should be perlite too. (*To Mrs. WINTHROP*) How's de mama?

MRS. W. (*laughs*). What can he be driving at?

SOFRANSKY. Say, I am feelink pretty good, my whole family is feelink pretty good. Vere did you say dese singkers come from?

MRS. W. (*sharply*). Honolulu.

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). Honey Lulu. Dot's vot her husband calls her. By golly I know vat it is de metter. She's crazy. (*Eyes her suspiciously*)

MRS. W. Well, now that you know all about our singers, let me show you the piano.

SOFRANSKY (*picking up satchel*). Is it a big vun?

MRS. W. No, it is a baby grand.

SOFRANSKY. Ha, ha, you mean dot new sonk, "A BABY DOLL."

MRS. W. This way, please. (SOFRANSKY EXITS R. D.) What a queer man he is. He is the first foreigner they ever sent me, still he looks as though he might have a musical ear. I hope he is good. (*Loud crash is heard off stage, made by dropping a flat board on the floor. ENTER SOFRANSKY R. D., holding one foot in his hand and hopping along on the other*)

SOFRANSKY. Yitsock moich du sclaben gevelt go to gefilter fish.

MRS. W. Why, what have you done?

SOFRANSKY. I vas takink de top off ven bing she hits me on de toe. Oi, yoi, piano-tunink, dot's no business—old clothes dot's a business.

MRS. W. Well, you must be careful or you will ruin the piano.

SOFRANSKY. I should worry. It pretty near ruined me already. (*Aside*) By golly, I vish I could make a excape.

MRS. W. Well, are you going to stand there all day? You don't want me to do your work for you do you?

SOFRANSKY. Oi, no, I vouldn't have you help me for de woild.

[EXITS R. D.]

MRS. W. He certainly doesn't seem to be very competent. Dear me, I'm getting worried, I wish John would come home. (*Noise off stage, made by hitting piece of metal with hammer, followed by a rattling noise made by moving tin cans tied together*) Oh Heavens! What can he be doing? (*Noise continues, MRS. WINTHROP puts her fingers to her ears and paces UP and DOWN stage. There is an extra loud bang and SOFRANSKY comes rushing on stage in shirt sleeves, holding hand to face*)

SOFRANSKY. By golly, it bit me.

MRS. W. Bit you?

SOFRANSKY. Yep. I vas tunink de Q strink ven sometinks flies out und hits me right in de face. Oi, yoi, piano-tunink, dot's no business—old clothes—dot's a business.

MRS. W. Heavens, man, you must have broken a string.

SOFRANSKY. Oh, is dat vot it vas? All right, I fix him right away. (*Takes ball of twine from pocket*) [EXITS R. D.]

MRS. W. What a man! He will drive me crazy. The next time I send down to Smith's for a piano-tuner, I'll know it. (*Noises heard again*) Oh, I can't stand it any longer, I'm going to my room till he is finished. (*Walks to R. D., looking off stage*) What a mess! Well, I can only hope that he will leave the stool. [EXITS C. D.]

ENTER SOFRANSKY R. D.

SOFRANSKY. Oi, by golly, no more piano-tunink for me. A Jew's harp will I tune, a piano never. (*Looks around room*) Dot's a fine place. I bet dey got it money.

ENTER HELEN C. D.

HELEN. Gracious, what a racket. Must have been the servants in the kitchen. I'm sure I wouldn't tolerate such noisy servants in my house. (*Sees SOFRANSKY*) Oh, the chef. (*To SOFRANSKY*) How do you do? I'm so glad you were able to get here this afternoon.

SOFRANSKY (*tips hat*). How are you? (*Aside*) By golly, she expects me. I guess may be she's crazy too.

HELEN. Won't you sit down? (*Aside*) He certainly isn't French.

SOFRANSKY. Oh, well, I don't care if I do. (*Seats himself*) It don't cost nothink.

HELEN. Mother told me all about you and what a wonderful cook you are.

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). Cook! By golly, she tinks it I am a cook. Do I look like a Irisher?

HELEN. We are having a little affair here to-morrow night, and I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind getting up a few dishes for us.

SOFRANSKY. Dey keep der dishes in de cellar? Oi, yoi, dot's a house. (*To HELEN*) When I have to be cook?

HELEN. To-morrow night.

SOFRANSKY. All right, I am it de cook. Terms, in advance.

HELEN. In advance? Isn't that rather unusual?

SOFRANSKY. I couldn't help that, lady. Dot's a new rule in the Platter Polisher's Union.

HELEN. Oh, well, I suppose it doesn't make much difference one way or the other. Now—er—as to reimbursement—er.

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). Re in basement? What's dot?

HELEN. I said what is your usual charge?

SOFRANSKY. Charge? Oh, dot's different. Vell, I tell you, I make it a special price for five dollars.

HELEN. Five dollars. (*Aside*) How cheap!

SOFRANSKY. Yep; I wouldn't cook for my own mother for less.

HELEN. That is quite satisfactory, I assure you. Here is your money. (*Gives him bill*) Now, let me tell you what we are planning to have.

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). I tink I get out of here quick.

HELEN. We thought of having some filet de mignon and some paté de fois gras, now how would you serve the paté de fois gras?

SOFRANSKY. I wouldn't have dot stuff at all. Dot's no good.

HELEN. Indeed. Well, what would you suggest in its place?

SOFRANSKY. Vell, I tell you. Put it down some nom de plumes. Dot's a fine ting. (*Aside*) By golly, dot's a good vun, I hear dot in "Nellie de Beautiful Cloak and Suit Model."

HELEN (*laughs, aside*). He is ridiculing the French dishes. Evidently he doesn't approve of French cooking. (*To SOFRANSKY*) Of course you understand you are to have a free hand. We are not particular what we have, so long as it is good. We would like to have a large variety; however, you know a little bit of everything.

SOFRANSKY. Sure. I know. You want hash.

HELEN (*laughs*). He is a barrel of fun. (*To SOFRANSKY*) Come now, let me introduce you to the regular cook and the waitress.

SOFRANSKY. I should go by dot Irisher cook?

HELEN. Yes, Bridget is Irish, but she is very pleasant and I am sure you will get along with her.

SOFRANSKY. A Irisher get along with me? Sure, just like a cat and dog.

HELEN. Oh, you misjudge her, I'm sure.

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). By golly, I might meet the udder vun

and she might have it some more pianos. (*To HELEN*) No, I can't go to-day, I got a date to kill a rabbi.

HELEN. Oh, but you must. I won't have time to-morrow. Come, it will only take a few moments. Follow me. (*Goes toward C. D.*)

SOFRANSKY (*follows her*). I see my finish ven dot Irisher cook gets me down dere. (*HELEN and SOFRANSKY EXIT C. D. SOFRANSKY heard talking off stage*) Oi, yoi, cooking, dot's no business. Old clothes dot's a business.

ENTER JOHN WINTHROP C. D., *throws hat and coat on chair.*

WINTHROP. Great Scott, what a predicament! On my way downtown this morning I stopped off at the jewellers and got a necklace to present to-morrow to my wife. I put it in my vest pocket and I know I had it when I went out to lunch, and, confound the luck, I also know that I didn't have it when I got back. The worst of it is, I am sure it was picked from my pocket while I was in a café. I went out to lunch with a buyer from Boston and he insisted upon getting a drink. I strongly suspect that while we were in there my pocket was picked. If Mary, with her prohibition ideas, ever gets on to the fact that I went into a café, I might as well put on my hat and be on my way. There is a slight possibility that I lost it on the street, but I can hardly believe that. I remember having stooped over to recover a paper I dropped, and it might have fallen out then, though why I wouldn't have heard it, is a mystery to me. No, the more I think of it the surer I am, that my pocket was picked. I've been all the afternoon looking for it and I'm all in. (*Stinks down in chair*) As a last resort I telephoned to Hogan's detective agency to send their best man at once. I told them to be sure to instruct him to keep his business a secret, so that Mary will not get on to it. Oh, what a mess! And to say nothing about coolly dropping five hundred dollars. (*Rises, walks UP and DOWN*)

ENTER SOFRANSKY C. D., *counting money.*

SOFRANSKY. By golly, dot's a good day's business.

WINTHROP (*sees him and starts*). Sh, sh, sh. (*Makes gestures of silence*)

SOFRANSKY. Vell, vot you tink of dat?

WINTHROP. Not a sound.

SOFRANSKY. Dot's right, I don't hear notink.

WINTHROP. Do they know you're here?

SOFRANSKY (*pocketing money, aside*). Dey'll know I been here ven dey count der money.

WINTHROP (*glances off R.*). Good, there is no one around. Sit down and let me state the case.

SOFRANSKY (*seats himself, aside*). Dey all vant I should sit down.

WINTHROP. By George, that's a splendid make-up you've got there, and you play your part well. Say, do you know, you look like a comic supplement.

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). Comic subblement? Vot's dat? I hear of dis corrosive subblement, but I never hear of dis comic subblement.

WINTHROP. How did you happen to be in there?

SOFRANSKY. I vas down by de Irisher cook.

WINTHROP. Oh, you came in by the kitchen. Good. Then my wife did not see you?

SOFRANSKY. Sure, she see me. Dere's two of dem. One tinks I am it de piano-tuner, and de other vun tinks I am it a chief.

WINTHROP (*laughs*). Good work.

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). I'll bet dis fellar tinks I am a dog-catcher.

WINTHROP. They told me at your office what a good detective you are.

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). Detective! By golly, I wouldn't be surprised to hear I vas J. P. Morgan!

WINTHROP. The facts are these. On my way downtown this morning I stopped off at the jewellers and got a necklace for my wife. I went from there direct to my office and did not go out again until 1 o'clock, when I still had the necklace in this pocket. (*Indicates vest pocket*) I took lunch with a customer and he insisted upon going into a café. Understand?

SOFRANSKY. Sure, you wanted to get a rattle for de baby.

WINTHROP. Well, while we were in there, a man came in who was evidently under the weather—you know, pifflicated.

SOFRANSKY. Sure, I know—he vas lit.

WINTHROP. That's it. Well, in the course of his wanderings he lurched against me, and I have reason to believe he was a pickpocket feigning drunkenness, for when I got back

to my office the necklace was gone. It is just possible that I dropped it on the street, but I can hardly believe that.

SOFRANSKY (*starts*). Vere is dis place?

WINTHROP. On Perry Street, near Main.

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). By golly, dot's vere I find dis vun. (To WINTHROP) For how much costs dis necklace? (*Takes it out of pocket unseen by WINTHROP*)

WINTHROP. Five hundred dollars.

SOFRANSKY. Moisseltoff! (*Aside*) You'd never know it. It looks like a real ten cents' vun.

WINTHROP. If you can find it I'll give you twenty-five dollars for yourself, besides the fee of your agency.

SOFRANSKY. All right, I find him.

WINTHROP. Do you think you can locate it in the pawn shops? The thief is sure to pawn it.

SOFRANSKY. Sure, don't you never mind. You should worry. I find him.

WINTHROP. By George, do you really think you can find it? But mind you, my wife musn't know a thing about this, and for Heaven's sake, get it back here before to-morrow night.

SOFRANSKY. Sure. I bring it back to-night. (*Rises*)

WINTHROP. What, to-night? Say, if you can do that I'll make your bonus fifty dollars.

SOFRANSKY. For how much if I bring it back in ten minutes?

WINTHROP (*laughs*). Ah, but this is no joking matter with me, far from it. You'd better get along now and see what you can do. There is a chance, you know, that I lost it on the street after all, in which case I fear it is gone for good.

SOFRANSKY. Dot's all right. I get him.

WINTHROP. Have you a clue?

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). He wants it some glue. (To WINTHROP) What's de metter? Did you break sometink?

WINTHROP. Hush, here comes my wife. Be off. (*Hustles*)

SOFRANSKY to C. D.) [EXIT SOFRANSKY C. D.]

ENTER MRS. WINTHROP and HELEN R. D.

MRS. WINTHROP. Oh, hullo, John, I didn't know you were here.

WINTHROP. Hullo dear, I just this minute got in. (To HELEN) How do you do, Helen? (*They shake hands*) It's very good of you to help Mary out with her party.

HELEN. Oh, I'm glad to be able to do it, I'm sure.

MRS. WINTHROP. Oh, Helen, tell John about the chef.

HELEN. Oh, yes. I've engaged a real chef to cook for us to-morrow night. Mother recommended him to me and I know he's a dandy. He was just here and oh, you ought to see him. He's the funniest thing you could imagine, wore a shabby high hat and talks with a decided Jewish accent. He certainly presents a peculiar appearance, but then all geniuses are odd. They have to be or people wouldn't recognize them as geniuses.

WINTHROP. You say he was just here, and wore a high hat? (HELEN *nods*) Well, if I were you, I wouldn't depend *too* much on these foreigners, for they are never reliable, you know. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he never came back at all.

MRS. WINTHROP. Why John, what a kill-joy you are.

HELEN. Well, if he doesn't come back I'm going to sit right down and cry.

WINTHROP. Oh, no, Helen. Now you mustn't take it like that. He'll probably come back, of course, but I thought you had better be prepared in case he didn't keep his word. That's a failing these chefs have. But don't be alarmed we shall get along nicely with Bridget in case he doesn't show up.

MRS. WINTHROP. Well, just to turn the conversation away from a gloomy subject, let me tell you about the piano-tuner who was here to-day. Oh, he was the most peculiar person I ever saw and said the funniest things. I couldn't understand more than half he said. Helen's description of the chef suits him to a T, only he didn't look much like a cook, in fact after seeing him work I should say he was more of a plumber than anything else. (WINTHROP *laughs*) Why, John, what are you laughing at? Do tell us the joke.

WINTHROP. Why, I was laughing at your description of the piano-tuner. Say, wouldn't it be a joke if the chef and the piano-tuner were one and the same man?

MRS. WINTHROP. What an absurd idea!

HELEN. I wonder if it could be. Did your piano-tuner wear a red necktie? (MRS. WINTHROP *nods*) and a frock coat? (MRS. WINTHROP *nods*) And was he decidedly Hebraic in his appearance? (MRS. WINTHROP *nods*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Gracious! You don't mean to tell me you think they were the same?

HELEN. Well, there is something decidedly queer about it, that's all I can say.

WINTHROP. It looks as if the joke were on you two.

HELEN. Well, seeing that I paid him in advance, I fail to see where the joke comes in.

MRS. WINTHROP. You paid him in advance? That's funny, so did I.

WINTHROP. What, you paid him in advance? (*Aside*) Great Scott, this fellow plays the game for all there is in it.

HELEN (*sees card on floor*). What's this? (*Picks it up and reads*) Solomon Sofransky, Top-notch prices for Old Clothes. Five dollars for suit or overcoat, two dollars for coat or pants, fifty cents for vest and ten cents for pajamas. Where do you suppose that came from?

MRS. WINTHROP. Why, I'll wager he was an old clothes man who fooled us both.

WINTHROP (*aside*). Both! You mean all.

ENTER SOFRANSKY C. D., *hurriedly*.

MRS. WINTHROP. The piano-tuner!

HELEN. The chef!

WINTHROP. The detective!

SOFRANSKY (*stops upon seeing MRS. WINTHROP, bows*). How are you? How's de baby doll? (*To HELEN*) How de do? How's de hash? (*Aside to WINTHROP*) I've got him.

WINTHROP. You've got it!

SOFRANSKY. Yep. (*Holds out hand for money and gives necklace to WINTHROP*)

MRS. WINTHROP. What does this mean?

HELEN. How dare you represent yourself as a chef when you aren't?

SOFRANSKY (*backing up*). Don't shoot lady, I'm a detective.

MRS. WINTHROP. A detective?

SOFRANSKY. Dot's I. (*Pulls back vest, displaying suspender buckle*) Piano-tunink, chief, dot's no business. Detective, dot's a business.

MRS. WINTHROP. You are a detective, what do you mean?

SOFRANSKY. Sure, I'm a detective. (*To WINTHROP*) Ain't it?

WINTHROP. Let me explain. I bought a necklace for you, Mary, and it was stolen from me. I hired this gentleman to find it, and you see how well he has succeeded. (*Gives her necklace*) Here it is.

MRS. WINTHROP. Oh, John, isn't it a beauty!

HELEN. Oh, how splendid!

SOFRANSKY. Fifty dollars, please.

WINTHROP. Gladly, my dear sir. But how did you find it so quickly?

HELEN. But that doesn't explain where this came from. (*Holds up card*)

WINTHROP. Oh, doubtless that is part of the disguise.

SOFRANSKY. Sure, dot's part of de disgust.

WINTHROP (*aside*). I wonder if he is the old clothes man, after all. I'll try him out. (*Takes money from pocket. To MARY*) Oh, by the way, Mary, you might send those old clothes of mine down to the Salvation Army to-morrow.

SOFRANSKY. Don't you do it. Believe me, I pay top-notch prices for old clothes.

WINTHROP. So you are the old clothes man, after all.

SOFRANSKY (*aside*). Oh, by golly, Moisseltoff! (*To WINTHROP*) Dot's a fake. I ain't de old clothes man, I'm a detective.

WINTHROP (*laughs*). None of that now. Come, tell us how you happened to have the necklace.

SOFRANSKY (*sheepishly*). I find him on de street.

WINTHROP. So I did lose it after all. Well, the joke's on us, but as we have the necklace we can afford to be lenient.

MRS. WINTHROP. Oh, John, why not engage him to entertain the guests to-morrow night.

HELEN. That would be a novelty, indeed.

WINTHROP. Not a bad idea at all. Solomon, can you sing?

SOFRANSKY. Singk? Sure, I can singk like a Jew duck.

WINTHROP. Good! I'll tell you what I'll do. If you come and sing for us to-morrow night I'll give you the fifty dollars anyhow.

SOFRANSKY. I tell you, dot's a business. You want I should singk?

WINTHROP. Sure, go ahead.

SOFRANSKY. All right. Believe me, old clothes, piano-tunink, chief, detective—dot's no business—singking, dot's a business. (*Music strikes up. MRS. WINTHROP, HELEN and MR. WINTHROP take chairs up stage. CURTAIN after song, which is loudly applauded by them. If SOFRANSKY gives encore, he is to have stage alone*)

CURTAIN.

# Entertainments and Novelties

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**YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 25 cents.** An original, very humorous entertainment in one scene. By ELEANOR MAUD CRANE. Arranged for 4 male characters, consisting of the Schoolmaster and 3 members of the School Committee; 5 lady visitors, one of them having designs on the Schoolmaster, and 18 scholars, 9 being boys and 9 girls, more or less as circumstances demand, and exceedingly ludicrous if acted by grown-up persons dressed as children. The scene is an old-fashioned country schoolroom. The proceedings occupy two sessions; the morning session being devoted to examination of the classes, general exercises and a spelling bee. In the afternoon session are recitations, reading of essays and songs, distribution of prizes, and presentation of a testimonial to the Schoolmaster by the scholars.

**RIDING THE GOAT. 15 cents.** A burlesque initiation in a lodge of the "Sovereign Union of the Emancipated Husbands," by O. E. YOUNG. 12 male characters, also the wives of all of them (performed by males), and 2 attendant imps; associate members and their wives, *ad libitum*. Time, 1½ hours. The cast includes a Dutchman, an Irishman, a Yankee and a Darkey. The proceedings are intensely funny with a roaring climax. Just the thing for a club where a large cast is desired.

**MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE, The. 25 cents.** An eccentric entertainment in two acts, by N. H. PELHAM. 6 male, 9 female characters, also 6 children, 4 of them boys and 2 girls. Two interior scenes. Costumes, characteristic. Time, 2 hours. A widow lady and two daughters become suddenly destitute. A rich old man proposes to marry the elder daughter and support them all. The daughters run away and start a Matrimonial Exchange. Applicants arrive, consisting of a bankrupt nobleman, two wealthy females in search of a titled husband, a song and dance actor, an animal trainer, two actresses, a policeman, a wash-lady with four performing children, and an Irish widow. In addition to the comical situations, the introduction of specialties affords ample opportunity for the display of the capabilities of each applicant. Matters are finally arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned.

**OLD PLANTATION NIGHT, An. 25 cents.** A musical and dramatic entertainment for 4 male and 4 female characters, forming a double quartet. This is not a negro minstrel show, contains no boisterous jokes nor conundrums, and is without a vestige of "Tambo" or "Bones," or the conventional stage darkey. It is a simple but vivid representation of life "in de quarters," embellished with song and story illustrating some of the quaint superstitions and frolicsome merry-makings of the mellow-voiced race. Thoroughly bright throughout, the text is uncommonly well written, and the succession of incidents skilfully contrived, while its transitions from grave to gay are wonderfully effective. The scene, a simple interior, can be arranged on any platform; some old garments and a little discarded finery will suffice for the costumes; the "properties" are few and simple, and the music within the capacity of fairly good voices, such as any ordinary church choir contains.

**GREAT LIBEL CASE, The. 15 cents.** A new mock trial, by HARRY E. SHELLAND. 21 males, 8 leading characters and 13 jurymen (1 excused). A roaring travesty of proceedings in court in the backwoods of Kentucky. The war experiences of the defendant, a bogus colonel, and the personalities of a jury of mixed nationalities and occupations, make this trial a screaming farce. It plays a whole evening.

**CASE OF HERR BAR ROOMSKI CONEYISKEY, The. (An Anarchist.) 15 cents.** A new Mock Trial, by HARRY E. SHELLAND. 27 male, 1 female (usually played by a male) characters. The latest and most amusing mock trial published. Good Tramp, French, German, Irish, Negro and Jew parts. Plays a whole evening.

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**NOTE.** The plays quoted in the foregoing pages are selected from a more comprehensive list. A complete descriptive catalogue of all of the plays published by us will be mailed postpaid on request.

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**DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann St., New York**

# THE EAST SIDERS

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts, by ANTHONY E. WILLS

PRICE, 25 CENTS

## CHARACTERS

EMIL SCHULTZ, an old tailor.....Old German  
PAUL ALBERS, in his employ.....Character Heavy  
JAMES KEEGAN, a typical New Yorker.....Comedy  
ROBERT PERRY, an actor.....Lead  
DANIEL JARVIS, a prosperous merchant.....Character old man  
CLARENCE FROTHINGHAM, a dry-goods clerk.....Dude  
OFFICER McNALLY, a policeman.....Comedy  
OTTO WERNER, a street musician.....German comedy  
MRS. SCHULTZ, the tailor's wife.....Old lady comedy  
EDNA SCHULTZ, her daughter.....Lead  
LIEUTENANT BROCKWAY, a Salvation lassie.....Straight  
DOLLY HAMMOND, who lives upstairs.....Soubrette

ONE INTERIOR STAGE-SETTING.—TIME, 2 Hours.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—New Year's Eve. Paul Albers arrives, expecting to marry Edna. Mr. Jarvis hears some plain truths. The mistake of Clarence. The mortgage. The marriage of Edna and Perry announced. Edna driven from home.

ACT II.—July, eighteen months later. Jarvis opens the big store. McNally receives a scare. Paul's gambling. Good advice thrown away. The overdue mortgage. Paul's theft. Edna accused.

ACT III.—October, three months later. The distress of Schultz. Sheriff in charge. Edna's operatic success. An obdurate father. Arrest of Paul. Some lively bidding. Dolly's purchase. Schultz relents. Everybody happy.

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# ROCKY FORD

A Western Drama in Four Acts

By BURTON L. SPILLER

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PRICE, 25 CENTS

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Eight male (2 may double), three female characters. One exterior, two interior scenes. Time, 2 hours. The action revolves around the theft of a will by a gentlemanly villain, whereby Jack, a young ranchman (lead), nearly loses not only a fortune, but also his affianced bride. Jack's two cowboy friends come to his rescue, however, and through their timely interference the plan to defraud him is foiled. A Kentucky major and a middle-aged spinster have excellent comedy parts.

## MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours .....	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	10	4
PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours..	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours .....	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

## RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

MAN FROM MAINE. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	9	3
AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour...	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

## ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene.....	5	4
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene.....	4	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes.....		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents.).....	11	8

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## COMEDIES AND DRAMAS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11	6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	9	3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	7	4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	4	3

## WESTERN PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

ROCKY FORD. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	8	3
GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	11	3
RED ROSETTE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 2½ hours....	5	3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9	3

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